The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1921 NUMBER 368

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The Week

TURN for a moment, Americans, from your play or your work. Imagine that through your street, prosperous, cheerfully lit, with its bakeries and butcher stores filled with every kind of thing to eat, you heard the sound of people coming, passing by, and coming again, an increasing stream, two or three thousand of them every hour. Imagine them pouring past you, day after day, week after week, for all the hours of the day, with a monotony broken only by the varying footfalls, vigorous or feeble, or the short light steps of children. If all the Russians who are dying from hunger, or disease that follows hunger, this day and tomorrow and every day until spring, could file past your window, your street would be filled with a like procession, and your soul haunted by it. How many hours could you listen to those uncountable muffled, shuffling footfalls, hinting at feet padded with miserable rags or bare altogether, before you gave a good many of your least necessary dollars toward helping to make them less frequent?

WE wish everyone who thinks of helping, and yet has not reached the point of actually giving, could read the reports of the American Relief Administration's agents in Russia, as published in the A. R. A.'s bulletin. Here we find detailed figures of the food shortage. In sixteen of the Central and Volga provinces, with a population of 40,000,000, there is an average per capita shortage of 205 pounds of grain. In the six of these known as the "famine provinces" the shortage is 285 pounds per capita. If anyone will try to live on a daily pound of bread for a couple of weeks he will see what this means. No wonder that children in the Volga districts are described in the Bulletin by a relief worker as "worse than any children I had ever seen, and the effect of their white and wizened faces and toothpick legs was heightened by the rags which they wore for clothing. Some of these children will die before we can get food to them." The case of the village of Saltygonovo, in the province of Kazan, may be taken as typical of what is happening in countless other small villages. "Before the migration started, there were 720 people in the place. . . . 50 percent have left already, and they continue to leave, so that in about a month there will be none left. . . . One almost wondered how they could stand. They had the swollen bellies of 'grass eaters.' "

WHAT are we doing for the "grass-eaters"? The President has asked Congress for an appropriation large enough to give the A. R. A. 10,000,000 bushels of corn and 1,000,000 bushels of seed grain. This suggested gift is not large, it comes late, and it is as yet only a recommendation. But let us be grateful for it. Let us be glad too, that the first bill passed by the Senate, where it was introduced by Senator Wadsworth, was one authorizing the Secretary of War to hand over his department's surplus medical supplies to the A. R. A. for use in Russia. Medical relief is also being planned in the form of an independent "Medical Unit for Service in Soviet Russia," which will leave for Russia with a completely equipped field hospital as soon as enough money has been contributed

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(Room 303, 110 West 40th St., New York City). The Friends Service Committee have done valiant work, but necessarily on a small scale. Send a check to them at 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia. The American Relief Administration (Russian branch, 42 Broadway, New York City) has assurances of money enough to feed 1,200,000 children, one balanced ration a day until the next harvest. But not all of these children are in the famine districts. Aside from the millions of undernourished who need to be fed, there are ten millions or more Russians actually starving. Why cannot the number of children fed be doubled? The answer, says Mr. George Barr Baker of the A. R. A., is that "it would be decenter to let them die at once than to carry them for three or four months, bringing them back to physical condition approaching normal, and then abandon them to go back through the stages of slow starvation again." God forbid that our indifference should continue to make this kind of "decency" necessary.

FOR the first time since the armistice an election in one of the victorious countries has resulted in a clear and emphatic triumph for the liberal groups. The powerful coalition which has governed Canada since the issue of conscription split the Liberal party has met with overwhelming defeat and has succeeded in electing only about twenty percent of the members of the new Canadian Parliament. The Liberals will possess a clear majority over both the Conservatives and the Progressives. The majority is not, however, large, and it is doubtful whether the Liberals can form a sufficiently powerful government without Progressive help. The problem of Mackenzie King, the new Prime Minister, will be to satisfy the demands of the economic groups whose discontent has carried his party into power, without alienating the conservative and even reactionary ingredients which that party contains. The Liberal victory is at bottom a victory of agrarianism over industrialism. It is the result of the economic distress of the Canadian farmer, and its endurance will depend upon the ability of his leaders to formulate a program which will relieve the distress of their constituents. Canada is about to be ruled by a group analogous to the agricultural bloc in our own Congress. It remains to be seen whether the ensuing government will be any more "undemocratic and un-American" than that of an industrial bloc.

THE New Republic has opened its columns to statements of opinion in regard to Sacco and Vanzetti. It is the view of many competent and trustworthy persons, which we share, that there exists a reasonable doubt of the guilt of these men of the crime with which they are charged. The person nearest the car in which the murderers escaped failed to identify Sacco or Vanzetti among them; persons less favorably situated on whose identification the state chiefly depended showed the usual symptoms of what an acute lawyer characterized as psychological perjury; a strong alibi for the accused was not overthrown, nor was the state able to trace any disposition by Sacco or Vanzetti of the money for which the crime was committed. The New Republic has only the strongest commendation for the New England Civil Liberties Committee which has raised funds for the defence. Surely the committee has acted in accordance with the highest dictates of what we like to call Americanism in coming to the help of these men whose alien origin and radical sympathies were a handicap in their appeal for justice. It is entirely consistent with this attitude to deprecate the demonstrations in foreign countries in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti, as the New Republic did on November 2nd. Such demonstrations merely confuse the public mind, arouse national prejudice and shift the issue, which is simply that a reasonable doubt exists as to the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti.

IT is unnecessary to state that neither the New England Civil Liberties Committee nor the New Republic has anything to do with the campaign, undertaken by sympathizers with Sacco and Vanzetti, to secure manifestations in their behalf in foreign lands. Beyond the obvious damage to the cause of the accused in American opinion, there is the further unfortunate effect of such manifestations in bringing back the attack of class prejudice and popular hysteria which we had reason to hope had passed with Wilson and Palmer. Attorney General Daugherty and Senator Sterling are working to this end. The latter, who is a sort of national edition of Senator Lusk (we trust the statement is not actionable) is particularly eager to take advantage of the situation to forward the prospects of the Sterling Anti-Sedition bill. How the Sacco-Vanzetti manifestations lend themselves to perversion by unscrupulous propagandists of reaction appears in Senator Sterling's talk about "the killing of twenty men by a bomb in a street demonstration," and his mention of the attempt "to blow up the home [sic] of Mr. Herrick, our Ambassador at Paris" in order to reach the conclusion that "it might be worth while to further consider [sic] the bill with a view to broadening its terms."

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WHILE hostility on the subject of amnesty for political prisoners has undoubtedly cooled off since the armistice, there is no doubt that amnesty remains an unpopular cause. There is no profit to be reaped by espousing it—and that possibly is why the great New York dailies, with one notable exception, have practically ignored it. The exception is the World, which has followed up a vigorous editorial urging freedom for the politicals by a conspicuous canvassing of that part of public opinion which favors amnesty. The World's campaign is a rare example of the independence from considerations of profit, of the clear vision, and of the fearlessness which alone can make journalism responsible.

THE riot act has been read to the "agricultural bloc" which a few weeks ago gave a strong proof of its vitality by disobedience in the matter of the surtax. The reader is Secretary Weeks. He deplores "special legislation, not representing the action of the majority, but forcibly enacted by combinations of divergent interests." The bloc, he thinks, is a step toward rule by "factions," toward class rule, toward a breakdown of party "regularity" and responsibility, which might end—who knows!—in the collapse of the Republican party. One might be puzzled to explain why this warning should have come from Mr. Weeks before the President was heard from, if it were not plain that such a warning will have little effect. The agricultural bloc cannot so easily be frightened. It can, on the contrary, be made to feel more self-conscious of its dangerous power by just such an admonition as that of Mr. Weeks. Mr. Wickersham, in 1909, under somewhat similar circumstances called the progressives to order, with results that, for the Republican regulars, were not happy.

LABOR has reason to feel greatly disturbed at what the Lockwood committee has unearthed about the Inside Electrical Workers Union No. 3. Here is a union which numbered but 3,800 members whose dues were only $24 a year apiece, while some fifteen thousand electrical workers, who were not allowed to join the union, were taxed $52 to $130 for "permits" to work. This is not the worst. It appears that death benefits were diverted from the relatives to whom they should have been paid; it appears that the officers of the union were financially quite irresponsible. No records of money taken in or spent were kept, poor memories took the place of accounts, large sums disappeared and nobody could account for them. We believe that cases like that of No. 3 are rare. Nevertheless, labor should leave nothing undone to purge its system of such corruptions. Unlike capital, it cannot afford them. Rightly or wrongly, the inchoate thing called public opinion has placed the burden of proof upon labor. Labor may see no cause to admit that this feeling is justified, but that is no reason why as a pure matter of strategy it should not act upon this psychological fact, and act vigorously.

THE cause of the strike, followed by serious rioting, in the Chicago stockyards is not hard to trace. It is a direct result of the "company union" which the packers started in competition with the bona-fide Amalgamated Association of Butcher Workmen. For four years, all disputes between the "Big Five" packers and their employees had been arbitrated by Judge Alschuler. In September the unions tried to have this agreement continued, but the packers refused to deal with them, and proceeded to organize a "company union" on a representative plan. This house-broken union accepted a wage reduction which was loudly advertised by the packers as a brilliant example of the success of privately controlled industrial democracy. But when the old union refused to accept the cut, and asked for arbitration, it met with a blank refusal. The strike is the result. It proves once again that the employee "representative" system, with which Mr. Schwab expressed his complete satisfaction some time ago, is usually a fraud.

A YEAR ago the chances were that the liquidation of the British Empire would begin with Egypt. The Milner Commission, in spite of the distrust and opposition of the Egyptian nationalists, succeeded in formulating an arrangement with the Egyptian ministry which it appeared might be acceptable. Then the seat of negotiation was transferred to London, Lord Curzon replaced Lord Milner, and the Egyptian delegation rejected the terms. It appears from the Associated Press report that the breaking point was the military occupation of Egypt. The summary of terms as given in the British White Paper indicates that Great Britain agreed to restrict her troops to Port Said and the eastern zone of the Suez canal; while Alexandria was to become a British naval base with an international police force. On the other hand the Egyptian reply states that by the terms Great Britain reserves "the right to maintain her military force at all times throughout Egypt and to control communications." The conjecture that the Egyptians are right in their interpretation is given color by the statement of General Allenby

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included in the white paper. "Neither the present condition in the world nor the course of events in Egypt since the armistice," says General Allenby, "permits a modification in the disposition of the British forces. Egypt is a part of the empire's communications."

IT thus appears that the negotiations broke down on a matter which has been covered by repeated and solemn promises of Great Britain, the evacuation of Egypt. According to General Allenby: "We must insist on effective rights and powers to safeguard both Egypt's interests and our own until the Egyptian people have shown the capacity themselves to preserve their country from internal disorder and from intervention by foreign powers." Another promise. But so long as General Allenby and Lord Curzon remain the interpreters of it the time of its fulfilment will be never. General Allenby is further reported to the effect that 90,000 troops will be needed to hold Egypt. The financial cost can be calculated in pounds. The moral cost must be estimated in terms of the Denshawi atrocity. Bernard Shaw has given an account of this detestable result of the superior race theory in the preface to John Bull's Other Island, a great passage of modern English prose, worthy to stand beside Zola's J'Accuse. Denshawi is not the whole story of British dealings with subject peoples any more than is Amritsar, but both Denshawi and Amritsar are part of the price which Great Britain pays and will always pay for empire.

ONE of the recent and scarcely heralded triumphs of medical science has been the discovery that the hideous scourge of the hook-worm may be removed from the human body by a single application of X-ray treatment. Accounts which reach this office speak of whole tribes in Africa sitting naked in close order while the health giving rays are played over them as from a searchlight, and rising from this baptism with renewed vigor to take up the black man's burden. Not since St. Francis Xavier received thousands of Japanese into the Church at a single session, has there been such wholesale diffusion of the benefits of Christian civilization among the pagans. We earnestly suggest that the Rockefeller Institute, to which credit for the discovery belongs, should lend its diffusing apparatus to the public schools and especially the colleges. From a close study of symptoms of the hook-worm disease we are convinced that this is the mysterious malady from which those called to the intellectual life in America most commonly suffer. Healing, like charity, should begin at home.

The Irish Settlement

THE London negotiators ended, as was inevitable, in bringing the whole Anglo-Irish question to a head. By agreeing to "the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain" they presented Dail Eireann with the necessity of deciding to haul down, at this time, the flag of Irish independence in order to achieve a reasoned modus vivendi with Britain, or else to raise it once more in an insanely desperate and certainly fruitless war.

This choice, which will have been made before this paper is published, is a choice that goes to the roots of Irish national being. It involves something besides the material welfare of the Irish people. It involves their spiritual intention, their reading of their own history and destiny. It is a momentous decision to be proposed to the representatives of any people, and it has the merit of being proposed without evasion or equivocation.

In presenting Ireland with its dilemma the British negotiators acted with wisdom and solicitude. They attenuated as far as possible the claims that Britain makes on Irish fidelity. They minimized in every direction the degree to which the Irish must be subject either to crown or to imperial control, and they yielded apparently everything that the Irish negotiators requested in regard to the Northern establishment. What they faced was the crux of the whole Anglo-Irish struggle for ever and aye—the question whether there were any terms conceivable upon which Britain and Ireland could agree on "common citizenship" after a history of conquest and wrong. But the question was not brought forward in a crude or passionate form. As a result of the fundamentally sound and democratic device of consultation, the terms proposed to Dail Eireann did not emerge from Britain direct. They came from trusted and unassailable Irish negotiators.

President de Valera's position directly before the meeting of December 14th seems to us quite understandable. He cannot be easily dismissed as a die-hard whose judgment went into eclipse behind an immovable doctrine. From the beginning he expressed his readiness to make terms with Britain, to accept the status of Cuba and to come into closer association with the British commonwealth group of nations, on condition that N. E. Ulster declare allegiance to Ireland in acknowledgement of this concession. He even, under certain circumstances, admitted the possibility of partition. His deepest difference with the negotiators, we take it, concerns the principle of common citizenship. Behind the ambiguity of the phrase "free association," de Valera quite evidently retained the idea of a

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separate citizenship and a separate sovereignty. To qualify that sovereignty he would consent, but he was not ready to merge sovereignty with Britain even on terms specially devised to bring N. E. Ulster under an all-Ireland parliament. His conception of sovereignty as all-important is, under the circumstances, a very natural one. If Ireland had not possessed such a conception, the Irish people would have long since succumbed to conquest and lost their heritage forever. And de Valera evidently believes that to lower the flag of Irish independence now, to give fidelity to King George, is to admit, if not conquest, the result of conquest, and to impair the title to independence for all time.

A wider view, we feel, must already have prevailed over this limited view of de Valera's. For while the sovereignty of Britain is in a sense insisted on in the proposed treaty, that is by no means the whole truth of it. The proposal is basically a proposal of equal partnership between two peoples who have inseparable common interests. Phrased imperialistically, if you will, it is nevertheless an offer of common citizenship and its real object is to secure not the "allegiance" but the cooperation and goodwill of the Irish Free State. That is the meaning of these peace terms. For when British parliamentarians say "Canada" or "governor-general" or "allegiance," they know all too well that these words connote practical independence. The crown, it is true, does distribute honors and to that extent is socially influential. Imperial control is exercised over all the dominions in matters of constitutional change and in foreign affairs. The "right to secede" was a bogey raised by Bonar Law and does not exist. But the fact that the British commonwealths are in flux overrules everything else. To admit Ireland as a full member into the British association of nations is to accelerate the process of change and to emphasize the principle of consent. It is to end the notion that the empire is an empire of territory and to enhance the notion that it is a cohesion of populations. Egypt and India have more to gain from the inclusion of Ireland in the commonwealths than from the resumption of a struggle doomed to defeat. The affirmation of "common citizenship" is, in effect, a long democratic advance. More than anything else that Britain has ever done, it marks the disintegration of the imperial point of view.

So far has Britain gone as a result of the pressure of circumstances, the pressure of ideas and the pressure of conscience. And we firmly believe that Ireland must meet Britain half-way. We can understand the Irish Republicans who still insist on the right of Ireland to come to Britain only on terms of absolute liberty and pure consent. Such a frame of mind, judged dispassionately, is the frame of mind that makes perfect loyalty possible. It is a noble frame of mind. It is, however, deficient in practical imagination. It proposes a respect for one's own pure ideals which the world at large never accords. And, in point of fact, the men and women who insist upon absolute liberty prior to making an agreement usually manage to deny that a similar title to liberty inheres in those with whom they are in conflict. Thus the Irish Republicans who demand independence deny that the Ulster die-hards are as noble, as righteous, as impeccable as themselves. Hundreds of years of history are invoked to support the title of the Republicans and to refute the title of the Orangemen. But, history or no history, we deal here with men whose immovable convictions take no account of changing circumstances. They clearly invite the fate of Red Indians.

So Britain has recognized in dealing with N. E. Ulster. Where Mr. Asquith gave so poor a measure of home rule to Ireland that it paid N. E. Ulster to stand pat, this treaty forces N. E. Ulster to indulge its immovability at the expense of its own interests, not only within N. E. Ulster but within Ireland and within the empire. For, by refusing to participate in the affairs of Ireland in conjunction with the Southern Protestants, N. E. Ulster foregoes the chance it has to hold the balance of power. Before this advantage is definitely abandoned, the Orangemen will think twice. What was lacking in 1914, Britain's desire to give Ireland the best possible modus vivendi, has now informed the Irish settlement with such a spirit that the Ulster question settles itself. What the Orangemen will now seek is privilege inside Ireland, but there is no reason to believe they will secure it.

Granting that the majority of the Irish people follow Collins and Griffith in accepting the peace terms, a magnificent victory has been won for rational man. So hard a conflict as this between Celt and Saxon has for long appeared insoluble. The most strained and inverted views on both sides have masqueraded under high names to perpetuate hatred, misunderstanding and strife. But now Britain has purged herself of wrong and Ireland of suspicion. Common citizenship calls both to a new life of mutual help. Some men in this country, whose vested interest in hatred is permanent, must refuse to recognize the true nature of the settlement. Others, who take the extreme position in all sincerity, cannot help opposing the settlement until they are convinced it is wholesome. For such men we can only hope that they will be convinced

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by the adjustment in Ireland itself. If the men and women who have a right to speak accept the peace treaty, the true friends of Irish freedom will be those who set about perfecting its new constitution and winning for Ireland the place among the nations of the earth that it has always deserved.

The Far Eastern Concert

PRESIDENT HARDING had some justification when recently he expressed an expectation of the success of the Washington Conference. It may not be as much of a success as he thinks, but up to date a partial and even a considerable success it certainly is. He called it in order to insure the limitation of armaments against unnecessary risk by removing through negotiation certain festering political sores of a kind which in the past were allowed to become worse until they required the barbarous surgery of war. The Conference may or may not do something effective to eradicate these sores. Its success in dealing with the Chinese problems still remains doubtful. But it has cleared away one grave obstacle to the eradication of the sores without war. It has vindicated the limitation of naval armaments by guaranteeing the Japanese and all the other insular peoples in the Pacific against attack. It has killed and buried national defence as an excuse for Japanese militarism and navalism or for American militarism and navalism in their relation to the Pacific waters. It has raised the grade of the negotiation from the military to the political level, which may in the end enable an understanding to be reached on a basis of human rights and political principles rather than of exclusive national interests.

As the safeguard of peace the Conference has created a Concert of Pacific nations which, in so far as it functions successfully, will become the supreme authority in the western Pacific. It will preserve order in that region and by unanimous consent legislate with respect to relationships of its peoples one to another. It supersedes in this respect the Anglo-Japanese alliance, but it substitutes for that alliance a different association with a better function. The Anglo-Japanese alliance turned over the western Pacific waters to the Japanese fleet, but without in effect placing Japan under bonds to use the power for the interest of any peoples except her own. She has taken advantage of the license in order to establish many strong political, economic and military outposts on the Asiatic mainland. The new Concert whatever it does will prevent this encroachment from spreading. The Japanese fleet remains in possession of the western Pacific waters, but Japan agrees substantially to do nothing more which will affect the peace of the Far East without consulting the other members of the Concert. In return she is safeguarded against attack. The guarantee applies only to insular territory, but Australia, the Philippines and Japan are islands. It will create an atmosphere of general security which will permit armaments as an instrument of national policy in the Far East to be abolished.

The New York World calls this guarantee an Asiatic Article X. The comparison is disingenuous. If the American government had accepted Article X of the Covenant it would have assumed at least a partial responsibility for a large number of doubtful land frontiers and boundaries. But the territories guaranteed by the Washington treaty are separated from one another by water. They are not vexed by boundary disputes of any importance. Japan is delegated to furnish the necessary police force, to keep that police force small and to agree not to use it hereafter except as an instrument of political purposes approved by France, Great Britain and the United States, on condition that her insular possession be guaranteed against naval and military danger. That is a fair, a clean and a generally profitable bargain. There are some minor objectionable aspects to it, but unlike Article X of the Covenant, it cannot conceivably involve the United States in dangerous boundary disputes which raise extremely doubtful questions of principle. In order to justify the comparison between the Washington Conference and Article X of the League, the guarantee would have to include Jappanese and British possessions on the Asiatic mainland, which is precisely what it does not now do.

The strength and, from another point of view, the weakness of the treaty consists in its failure to include China in its advantages and responsibilities. The conferees at Washington can allege many plausible and excellent reasons for omitting China from the Four Power Concert. The Concert is intended to enable Japan and Great Britain to abandon their alliance without loss of prestige and to provide a political agency to accomplish the political purposes which naval armaments in the Pacific were ostensibly created to accomplish. But China does not possess any navy or any islands in the Pacific. Japan has already deprived her of both. There is, consequently, no reason for including her in the Concert. All this is perfectly true. China has no territory of importance except on the continent and she does not count among the naval powers in the Pacific. But the same statements are true of France and France was included. The real reason was, of course, that Japan and Great Britain did not want to deal with China as

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an equal. She is from their point of view a weak, disorganized and helpless people whom they have habitually treated as a dependent and as a victim. She could not be admitted to the Pacific Concert until she was better able to fulfill her international obligations, so many of which were the result of her dependence and were imposed upon her by force.

The case of China is, consequently, reserved by the Conference for special and separate treatment. In his speech at the open session of the Conference on December 10th, Secretary Hughes foreshadowed a coming "agreement in which all the powers represented here may participate and to which possibly others may desire to adhere and may have the opportunity to adhere which will deal generally with the questions relating to the Far East and to policies in reference to China and also with respect to the territorial status of the countries concerned." The terms of this agreement will test the good faith of the members of the Concert and their willingness to begin the substitution of new bases of international law in the Far East for the existing treaties. These treaties were usually obtained by violence and fraud. Most of them more or less seriously deny the good old principles about the integrity and independence of China, which all the powers have repeatedly pretended to accept and all have ignored. If the new Concert is substituted for the Anglo-Japanese alliance, in that it reaffirms these principles in words and provides a shelter for their violation in practice, as apparently it may, it will not prevent the ultimate outbreak of war in the Far East. The only justification for isolating China and omitting her from the Concert is to treat her interests as a peculiarly sacred trust. But hitherto during the Conference Japan and Great Britain have shown far greater zeal in clinging to the privileges and possessions which they have obtained as the result of the helplessness of China than they have in satisfying the righteous demands for restitution which are put forth by the Chinese nationalists. It remains to be seen whether in the promised Chinese treaty they will convert the principles contained in the Root resolution, which they have in the past consistently violated, into what Mr. Hughes declares it to be—a charter of Chinese independence and self-government.

But in the meantime let us not underestimate the value of what the Washington Conference has already accomplished. The ratification by the Senate of the treaty which constitutes the Four Power Concert and the agreement as to the limitation of naval armaments will bring with them one important consequence and meaning which has hitherto not received sufficient attention. It will mean that in the opinion of the American and Japanese governments their countries are now secure against military attack; and if this meaning is accepted in good faith, it should liberate both Japanese and American public opinion from one of the inhibitions which has recently most seriously cramped its freedom of movement. The American nation can go about the occupations of peace with the same sense of security and the freedom from the confusion between defensive and offensive armaments which it possessed from the end of the Napoleonic wars until the beginning of the twentieth century. It can consequently again consider its domestic problems on their merits and without reference to real or supposed military necessities. In so far as the American commonwealth and people are in danger, their danger will arise from their own blunders rather than from the threats and armaments of foreigners. If liberals cannot take advantage of this deliverance to increase the vitality and influence of progressive principles in American life, their failure will be merely a confession of their own impotence and incompetence.

Murray Butler Makes Moan

THE world has torn loose from her moorings and is driving wildly among the reefs. That is proved by Nicholas Murray Butler in an address on the Changing Foundations of Government delivered before the Illinois Bar Association. The foundations under the edifice of government are being sucked away by subterranean forces which no mind can grasp. A new sophistry is abroad which makes even the field of reason a chaos of bewilderment. If you don't look sharp you will find that this sophistry has manoeuvred you into the enemy army, to assist in the slaughter of your friends. No longer is a Republican a real Republican nor a Democrat a Democrat. But worst of all has been the case of the Liberals. Wasn't the meaning of the terms Liberal and Liberalism "fixed by their use in both ancient and modern times, and particularly since the overthrow of the Stuart monarchy in England"? Dr. Butler has read a recent book on Liberalism, with a chapter which invites you in a Liberal, and lets you out a Socialist. "Somewhere and somehow in that chapter the magician has drawn the egg from his sleeve, but the reader does not see how or when it is done." Even the university presidential reader is disagreeably puzzled. And that is not the worst of it. He can't wholly resist the temptation of doing egg tricks himself, which may result in unpleasant accidents to an academic sleeve. We shall point presently to certain eggs Dr. Butler tried

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to manipulate, that will afford a chance of profit to the dry cleaner.

But first of all, what are those forces that are sapping away the foundations of government? They are numerous, according to Dr. Butler, but the gravest is the offensive conducted against the principle of liberty by the principle of equality. "Liberty leads to inequality and compels it. Equality makes liberty, and therefore progress, impossible. Liberty is the principle of life. Equality is a characteristic of death." Well turned sentences, these are, and effective. The battle is on between life and death, with death possessed of the heavier guns. There is, Dr. Butler points out, a possible compromise between Liberty and Equality, Life and Death. That is Fraternity. Life fraternizing with Death, to be sure, is a combination hard to grasp. But we will accept it on the endorsement of Dr. Butler.

Not all forms of inequality are as yet resented by the democracy. "But other forms are bitterly contested and quickly give rise to feelings of envy, hatred and malice." One of these proscribed forms is superior ability to determine what is politically and socially expedient to do. Though the most competent of university presidents were to offer his services to the American people, would they make him the head of their affairs? Never; the meaner passions of equalitarianism would snow him under with hostile votes. The other form of inequality that the democracy is unwilling to tolerate relates to property. "It is quite forgotten that property has an ethical basis and is nothing more or less than that which the individual has produced or acquired by his own capacity and thrift. So far from understanding that all individual property is the result of thrift, there are in increasing number those who cry out ecstatically with Proudhon that all property is theft. Property is an attribute of personality, and individual property is essential to liberty."

There you have an example of the juggler and the egg in his sleeve. Did you see how and when it came out? Of course you did, because it broke. Property is produced or acquired by the individual's capacity and thrift. That is true, isn't it? It is true of the property acquired by Brindell through the practice of shaking down unions and employers; it is true of the fortunes of gamblers, profiteers and grafters. But observe Dr. Butler's next assertion. "All individual property is the result of thrift." What an egg that was to juggle with!

And property is "an attribute of personality." God forbid that equalitarianism or any other force should mutilate personality in its essential attributes. But is property such an essential attribute? It may be of some personalities, but most men of property, we believe, would rather be known and remembered for their other attributes. "Property is essential to liberty." Is it? Then the propertyless are slaves. Behold, in our juggling we have issued unawares into the most orthodox of socialistic doctrines.

The most disastrous piece of juggling is yet to be noted, however. In the great conflict now waging in every quarter of the globe between the principle of government by force and the principle of government by goodwill and consent, on which side might Dr. Butler be expected to take his stand? On the side of consent and goodwill. We confidently assert that he does stand on that side, in spite of occasional utterances savoring of Machtpolitik. Under government by force there is no place for even Dr. Butler's kind of liberalism, for even his brand of traditionally regulated freedom of thought. He is not so afraid of democracy as to prefer, for example, government by force which for all he could do might turn out to be the kind that he believes to exist in Soviet Russia. And he is not so unbalanced an enthusiast as to believe in the theory of the philosopher-despot. If he did, he would have applied the theory in the institution over whose destinies he presides. No, not even Dr. Butler himself can convince us that he is a partisan of the doctrine of government by force.

But observe what his tongue does to his credit among men. Ever since the English and French revolutions the basis of government has been steadily shifting from force to goodwill. "Force can no longer be resorted to in dealing with many of the most important problems of government." Dr. Butler cites the case of the Irish settlement. "The stronger party in the discussion might theoretically resort to force and insist upon the settlement of its own choosing; but the stronger party has long since lost the disposition to do so and is now striving to settle this long-standing issue in terms of goodwill. It results from conditions like these that the selfish, the narrow-minded, the ignorant and the men of ill will may, if numerous enough, or if so organized as to exert their united power at a critical point in the economic structure of the state, cripple the state and subvert the public interest far more completely than great armies or navies could ever do."

We are plunging into terrible dangers by our apostasy from autocracy, force and militarism. That is the plain implication of Dr. Butler's words. What combination of perverse impulses is it that seizes hold of a man of stable character and forces him deliberately to discredit himself with a public which he sincerely desires to serve? We give it up.

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President Harding Hesitates

PRESIDENT HARDING has one qualification for his high office which appeals particularly to his fellow countrymen and the existence of which they could not have suspected from his earlier career. He is fundamentally a good man; and by good we mean something more than merely well-intentioned. He is good in a sense that ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson, in spite of their superiority to him in moral energy and intellectual ability, were not so good. He is not an egotist. He is kind, patient, fair-minded, considerate and apparently disinterested. He possesses not only a keen but an humble sense of personal obligation to all his fellow-citizens. He wishes them to be happy. He hopes to make them happy by faithfully considering their problems, by listening to their proposals and grievances, by composing, if possible, their differences and by leading them soothingly along the middle of the road to some accessible and eligible goal. Finally, while he is not yet an enlightened man, he is by way of being flexible and open-minded. He has learned much since the assumption of his grave responsibility opened his eyes and aroused his conscience.

In order to understand how much he has learned we only need to compare the dogmatic and arid formulas in which he formerly expressed his ideas about the domestic policy of the United States with the more analytic, tentative and troubled language which he now employs. He begins, for instance, his recent message to Congress by plaintively calling attention to the breakdown of the regular system of government. Almost since the beginning of the Republic, one out of two competing parties has constituted the responsible governing agency in the United States. The American people at the last election placed the Republican party in power by an overwhelming majority. He is the leader of that party and he sincerely wishes it to assume and vigorously exercise its responsibility. He wishes above everything to avoid executive intervention and the substitution after the manner of Roosevelt and Wilson of presidential for party government. But, unfortunately, Republican party government no longer governs. A bi-partisan agricultural bloc in Congress frustrates the plans of the party leaders even when those leaders are honestly seeking to carry out the pre-election Republican program of making this country a happier hunting ground for manufacturers and millionaires. He finds himself confronted, consequently, by a distressing dilemma. He must either substitute his personal presidential initiative for that of the party leaders and force the party program through, which would mean a bitter fight with a powerful faction in Congress and the exchange of the sword for the olive branch as his own personal emblem. Or he must accept the humiliating course of sitting still and of witnessing without protest or the proposal of a positive alternative the failure of both his administration and his party as an agency of responsible government in domestic affairs.

Difficult as this dilemma is President Harding probably would not hesitate were it not for one grave complication. If he still firmly believed in the salutary power of the party program, he would almost certainly take the initiative in his own hands and rescue his party and his administration from their threatened impotence. But when he compares candidly the halting processes of American industry, the manifest obstacles to a revival of international commerce and the class cleavages which are dividing American society against itself, with the official Republican methods of dealing with them, he clearly hesitates. It begins to dawn on him that the impotence of his party in carrying out a domestic policy is chiefly traceable to the poverty of its ideas. "Suppose," he may well say to himself "that I did strain my executive power and prestige in order to force on Congress the enactment of a much higher tariff and a lowering of the super-taxes, would I not by adopting such a course split my party and wreck my administration (as Taft did) without accomplishing anything to redeem my own political personal responsibility for the welfare of my fellow countrymen?"

He is being gradually aroused to analyze the American problem of today from a point of view very different from the orthodox dogmas of his own party. He is, as his address to Congress reveals, troubled by the gravely compromised position of the farmer in the American economic system. The farmers are selling almost everything that they produce at prices equal to or less than pre-war prices. But they are paying for everything they need far more than pre-war prices. They would have to pay, so it is stated, in 1921 six hundred and fifty bushels of corn for a farm wagon, which in 1913 would have cost them two hundred bushels of corn. If they are to avoid impoverishment and a substantial reduction in the volume of their products, either the price of agricultural products must go up or the price of manufactured articles must come down. Inasmuch as the prices of agricultural products are largely determined by world conditions which will remain adverse for many years, it looks as if the prices of manufactured articles would have to come down; and this

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further deflation will involve a long and painful process of readjustment which will press very hard on the whole community, but particularly hard on farmers in debt and wage-earners. Under such conditions what would sane people think of a statesman who insisted on passing a tariff bill which increased the control of manufacturers over prices, and upon substituting a sales tax which would be collected chiefly from the poor in place of the super-taxes which are paid by the rich? What the Republican party and the administration really need to find out is how and why the industrial and distributing classes manage to hold up prices so much more successfully than do the farmers and what there is to be done about it.

President Harding is becoming well aware of the existence and the seriousness of the problem. Not only is he sceptical about the orthodox Republican plan for dealing with it, but he is looking in different and better directions for a solution. He proposes, for instance, cooperation among farmers for the purchase of their supplies and the marketing of their products, which betrays on his part a novel lack of confidence in the public serviceability of ordinary business processes. He proposes, also, the framing of a code of industrial public law which betrays a similar lack of confidence in the methods which business men have used in dealing with their organized and unorganized employees. In these and other respects he recognizes the existence of a discrepancy between promise and performance in American life which the Republican party cannot bridge by lowering the super-taxes, raising the tariff, subsidizing shipping or any other world method of increasing the volume and the profits of the individual business man. To that extent Warren G. Harding, the most staunch opponent in the Republican party of Roosevelt progressivism, has become a Roosevelt progressive.

But in spite of his recognition of the seriousness of the American domestic problem, he is still far from tracing the strains and failures of the existing economic and social organization to their appropriate causes. Although he is losing confidence in orthodox Republican remedies, he does not yet understand that the traditional Republican policy of stimulating industry at the expense of agriculture, of the city at the expense of the country, of the big city at the expense of the small city and of large centralized economic and political agencies at the expense of smaller, local and autonomous economic and political agencies is responsible in a substantial measure for the form which the breakdown of private business is taking in this country. He fails also to trace the obvious connection between the distress of American agriculture and the impotence of the Republican party as an instrument of government. The members of Congress from the agricultural states have organized themselves into a bi-partisan bloc for the purpose of controlling legislation for an obvious and sufficient reason. The Republican party leaders from the East are men who represent the interests of large scale urban industry. The legislation proposed by them would reenforce the customary Republican discrimination in favor of industry and would injure still further the economic security of the farmer. When a man like Secretary Weeks denounces the agricultural bloc for protecting their class economic interests against tariffs and super-taxes, it is merely a new illustration of the old tendency of the pot to call the kettle black. The Republican party has allowed its policies to be dictated chiefly by one economic class. The carrying out of such a program is bound to arouse resistance by the other economic classes. To denounce such resistance as unpatriotic and inimical to the spirit of American institutions is school-boy politics.

The dilemma which confronts President Harding with respect to domestic policy is one of the most difficult which has ever confronted any American president. His country is passing through an economic readjustment which will last for many years and which will profoundly modify the old distribution of power among the several economic and occupational groups in American society. It is necessary for him and his party at least to ease up the resulting strains and distresses by legislation. But the party is composed of discordant economic and social elements, which are differently affected by the process of re-adjustment and which demand very different brands of remedial legislation. What can President Harding do about it? He cannot very well follow the example of Mr. Taft, identify himself, as many of his Cabinet do, with one faction and force its point of view on the party, because he no longer believes exclusively in pre-Roosevelt Republicanism. He cannot resign his leadership and allow the party to remain impotent and disorganized. What he still can do is to seek a beneficent compromise which will satisfy at once the farmers, the middle men, the manufacturers and the bankers. This last method is congenial to his spirit. He will almost certainly try it out. But we feel much less certain that it will succeed. The Republican party is at bottom a coalition of economic groups, some of whose interests are in their present form irreconcilable with the interests of others. The curing of such a conglomeration of opposites will, we fear, require a ton of Beecham's Pills and a car load of Perry's Pain-Killer as well as a few hogsheads of Father Gamaliel's Soothing Syrup.

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The German Moratorium

IT is the moderates who are advocating a moratorium on German cash payments. The French government, with its record for consistency bound up with implacability, opposes the plan vigorously. In England and America the fast dwindling body of propagandists for the obliteration of Germany is against a moratorium. If it were safe to take one's position according to existing party alignments, every liberal would be bound to support the moratorium project.

But that would be safe only if the past policy of the moderates on the matter in question had been on the whole salutary. They have already had their innings twice. The first time was when they succeeded in saddling a Reparations Commission on the back of the indemnity. They recognized that the indemnity was a baleful monster, capable of treading down every fresh growth of economic life in Europe. But they thought that a commission on its back would be able to restrain it, domesticate it even, and put it to useful purposes. They were wrong. The indemnity has worked just as destructively as it would have had there been no Reparation Commission. The chief result of the creation of the commission was to throw dust in the eyes of the moderates and make them accept the role of sponsors for the indemnity.

The second time when moderation exhibited its workings was during the London Conference, which fixed the indemnity terms as they now stand. The total indemnity, thirty-two billion dollars, was obviously wholly beyond German capacity to pay, as well as wholly beyond the just rights of the victors to reparation. But the settlement offered a loophole to moderation. Bonds were to be issued against the indemnity, Classes A, B, and C, but the last class should be actually floated, and draw interest, only when German ability to pay exceeded the requirements of Classes A and B. If Germany never became able to pay she would never be asked to pay. Was not this a great moral victory for the moderates? But in rejoicing over it they failed to observe that Classes A and B already exceeded Germany's liability, as honestly interpreted, and her ability to pay, as practically ascertainable. The moderates let themselves be taken in by the ancient commercial practice of doubling a price and then knocking off fifty per cent as a special concession to a favored customer. Therefore we are justified in looking scrutinizingly upon this new bargain, the moratorium.

In the first place let us face the fact that the financial condition of Europe is very serious indeed. Mr. Hoover tells us, to be sure, that "outside of the government finances of a limited number of states the outlook is very encouraging." The statement is true, properly interpreted. That "limited number of states" includes practically all the states of Europe. Possibly it would exclude Holland, Scandinavia and Switzerland, although even in these states the public debt is growing apace. Perhaps it would exclude England, but the tax burden the British subject must meet this year is between three and four times as heavy as that under which we are groaning. For the rest of Europe the financial position is hideous. France is better off than most of the other states, but we need not overlook the fact that the French public debt has increased more than one hundred per cent since the armistice. The French budget does not balance, and there is no hope of making it balance, either through sums squeezed out of Germany or through taxation. We may profitably set off against Mr. Hoover's optimism the words of Marshal Foch:

"For the world is in economic purgatory, as it suffered in a spiritual purgatory during the war. If it would have paradise regained it must act with all its heart, with all its soul; we can not establish a lasting peace by hoping for it; we must work for it. The need is imperative. . . . The principal fact is that something must be done, and that at once."

That, we think, must be the opinion of everyone who is willing to face the facts of Europe. Something must be done; something drastic. No time-wasting palliative, like a moratorium on indemnity payments, ought to distract attention from the main issue. That issue is to bring the nations together to discuss frankly ways to put their international financial relations on a practical working basis. Cut and scale, where what can be cut off is nothing else than suffocating claims that work disastrously to the interests of every country in Europe.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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In Memoriam—Willard Straight

[The following sketch of Willard Straight will be published sometime during 1922 as the introduction to a memoir of his life and work.]

WILLARD DICKERMAN STRAIGHT was conspicuously a man of diversified interests. His career, in the sense of his voluntary and responsible contact with the world, began when in the late fall of 1901, at the age of twenty-one, he sailed for China. From that time until he died in Paris on December 1st, 1918, he was eagerly seeking many experiences and engaged in many affairs. Trained in college as an architect, he always remained keenly observant of the outside aspect of things, and particularly during his early residence in China, his pencil and his pen were both busy in reporting what he saw. He was impressionable, sensitive, alert, inquisitive, quick to the challenge of the occasion and the affair. Yet he was not by temperament an artist. Primarily he was a man of action. He did not want so much to report life and re-interpret it as to *modify* it.

His occupations were as diversified as his interests. Beginning as an official in the Chinese Customs Service, he resigned in 1904 to act as correspondent during the Russo-Japanese War. At its end he entered the service of the American government as Vice-Consul at Seoul, and during the next few years he served successively in Korea, in Washington, in Cuba and finally as Consul-General at Mukden. He resigned as an employee of the State Department in order ostensibly to go into business, but the business in which he engaged remained public. No well-wisher of the Chinese people could live for long in China without becoming interested in the development of her economic resources. He was interested in a large way and in an essentially public and political relationship. Seeing that American policy in China was less selfish than that of other countries, he sought to induce American capital, as an agent of the American government, to invest in railroad construction. He labored for the next few years to overcome the grave political and business obstacles to this enterprise. When President Wilson withdrew the support of the government from the group of American bankers which had consented to lend money to China and deprived his work of all immediate chance of success, he occupied himself with various affairs until the United States entered the war in April, 1917. During the last eighteen months of his life he was a soldier, but it is characteristic of his versatility that while a soldier he performed some of his best work in an essentially civilian capacity and that in the few weeks between the armistice and his death he had returned to diplomacy. When he was taken sick he was helping to plan the organization of the American delegation at the Peace Conference.

During the seventeen years of his active life, therefore, Willard Straight served successively as an employee of the Chinese government, a war correspondent, a member of the American Consular Service, a financial diplomat, a business man and a soldier. Yet the variety of his occupations was not the reflection of any essential discontinuity of purpose. He took his orders from the irresistible prompting of a lively and versatile imagination. He could never refrain from deserting the less for the greater adventure. His original intention of becoming an architect yielded quickly to the project of going to China and of opening up for himself a less routine career in the unexplored and beckoning East. He worked hard to qualify himself for his new job, but he was as little cut out for the hum-drum life of a Chinese civil servant as he was for that of an architect. When he resigned his position to become a war correspondent, he was not deserting a chosen career. He was yielding to the dictates of his imagination and embarking his own life on the largest adventure within his reach.

In abandoning a year or two later the consular service of his country in order to interest American capital in the development of China, he again gave up a safe routine occupation and responded to the call of a pioneering enterprise. This new affair was the outstanding adventure of his life. It was the culmination of his seven years of exploration, of study, of experience and of experiment in China. It demanded for its success high abilities as a negotiator, as a judge of men and as an appraiser of political and economic conditions. It was, indeed, the one enterprise in the China of that day which was bound to tempt a man who was pioneer both in temperament and in mind. The development of China was no longer a matter of opening up ports and extending commerce. It had become a matter of building railroads, tapping natural resources, founding industries and of seeking those changes in Chinese political and social organization which would equip it to stand the

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strain of modern industrialism. Willard Straight saw this transformation coming and the concrete opportunities which would come with it. Only he saw it not merely as a business man would see it in terms of a profitable investment, but as a statesman would see it in terms of its effect on the lives of a people and in its relationship to the general political and economic movements of the world.

His ability to see it in its larger human relationships was indicative of still another aspect of his versatility. I have characterized him as primarily a man of action. He was dissatisfied and unhappy unless he was being carried along on the tide of some spacious event. But neither was he satisfied with behaving merely as the creature of the event. He was eagerly looking around, registering what he saw and inquiring about the destination and the route. Unlike the ordinary man of action, his disposition was also critical and reflective. He not only watched with discriminating vigilance what was going on, but he sedulously recorded his experiences for his own use. During many years of his life he transcribed the record in a diary. This diary is an illuminating and important fact. His keeping of it affords a clue to certain of his characteristics which otherwise would remain obscure, and it provides the material for an unusually faithful portrait of a man, the peculiar distinction of whose life might otherwise have eluded detection.

Different motives may persuade a man to keep a diary. The commonest is perhaps a naïve interest in one's own ideas, impressions and experiences which urges the diarist to record even the most insignificant feelings and happenings of his life. The consummate type of this kind of diary is, of course, Pepys; but the confessions of Rousseau and the autobiography of Casanova belong to the same general class. A less common but more frequently published type is that of a Saint Simon or a Gideon Welles, who is participating in great events or is in a position to know how they happen and who sets down day by day the results of his observations. Without such diaries history in the modern sense could scarcely be written. They provide the historian with an indispensable check upon the partial falsification which infects public acts and records and against which only private letters and records can protect him.

Willard Straight's diary belongs to neither of these classes. He did not participate in the making of great events or watch from the inside other men in the manufacture of history. Neither was it a naïve or sublimated egotism which prompted him to pass many hours throughout many years in setting down what happened to him. A conspicuous characteristic of his diary is its objectivity. It begins when he sails for China in the fall of 1901. When a boy of twenty-one starts a record of his life, he is usually providing an escape for the abounding energy of his own self-consciousness. But the young Willard was not particularly self-conscious. He was not at that moment troubled by doubts and queries, and he felt little need of feeding to himself the fruits of his own reflections. He was interested chiefly in people and in things. He set down events and happenings, impressions and observations rather than precious thoughts and tortured feelings. He was not so much preoccupied with the unfolding of his own personality as he was fascinated by the panorama of life as it passed day by day before his eyes.

There were, however, passages in his diary of which the foregoing description is not true. He had moments of self-distrust, in which his customary objectivity disappeared. During these periods he, after the manner of most diarists, allowed a self-conscious preoccupation with his own states of mind to intrude into the running sketch of events and experiences. But these periods, important as they were in his personal history, never lasted very long, and he does not write his diary for the purpose of recording them. On the contrary his tendency is to suppress them or at least to hurry away from them. He was uneasy and unhappy as long as they lasted, and he always struggled to push out of them and to launch himself once more on the tide of some absorbing activity.

Later in his life when he was occupied with affairs of large importance, his diary ceases to be a record of experience and becomes not very much more than a note-book of personal dates and events. Yet during these years when his diary no longer reflects his major interests certain parts of his correspondence come to the rescue. He still had the same need of recording what was happening to him, but he records it during the last years both for his own benefit and for that of another person. These letters possess as a vehicle of personal self-expression a value analogous to that of the early diary.

The existence of this careful and significant register of personal experience gives peculiar propriety to the conversion of the raw material of this record into a biographical portrait. The construction of a permanent written memorial to a man who led such an interesting and diversified life and who won the affection and admiration of so many friends and acquaintances does not need any special justification, but in the case of Willard Straight

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such a justification exists. His life obtains a kind of vicarious fulfillment in a biographical portrait. Such a portrait, in so far as it was faithful and luminous, would not be a new fabric woven with more or less success out of a fragmentary record of his sayings and doings. It would be a moving picture blocked out by himself to which the producer would only supply the frame-work, the headings and the necessary editing. He wrote his own biography and sketched his own portrait as a part of the process of living it. His life was a conscious experience, recorded with a purpose, as well as a series of vaguely remembered or anticipated events. He expressed that experience not with an eye to publication but for his own satisfaction. The expression was born of the experience itself and it has some of the same vitality. It still lives. I hope it may continue to live in the pages of this memoir.

HERBERT CROLY.

Neglected Aspects of Public Libraries

THE importance of public libraries can hardly be exaggerated; yet it is seldom apparent to that most influential but most disastrous of public councillors, the practical man of business. He is revolted by the spectacle of a pretentious building, and a huge and costly collection of books, with seating accommodation for from fifty to two hundred people, and one solitary reader who is not even fashionably dressed. What wicked waste it seems! And yet to anyone who knows, that solitary man is a far more satisfactory spectacle than a crowd of young persons devouring the latest Tarzan. A crowded public library is an absurdity, like a crowded laboratory or observatory. The people who clamor for it are clamoring for something very different: to wit, a crowded popular reading-room. I have nothing to say against reading-rooms any more than against sleeping rooms (most reading-rooms contrive the double debt to pay); but I must insist that a reading-room is not in the classic sense a library. A library is a place in which makers of books work: a reading-room is a space in which ordinary men and women pass the time by reading books, just as they do in railway carriages. The purpose of the reading-room is to enable people of moderate means to share books as they share a towel on a rolling pin, and thus to read fifty novels at the cost of one. The purpose of a library is to enable poor scholars and men of letters, whose traditional lot is "toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol" to consult books which are storehouses of learning, books which they can no more afford to buy than a chemist can afford to buy a pound of radium. Such men form a very small percentage, or even permillage, of the population; but the quality of the books in the reading-room, which means the quality of the taste of the readers, depends finally on the library and on the unfashionably dressed man who may often be its sole occupant. The debt of British literature, and indeed of every department of British culture, to the British Museum Library is incalculable. I myself worked in its reading-room daily for about eight years at the beginning of my literary career; and oh (if I may quote Wordsworth) the difference to me! And that difference was a difference to all the readers of my books and of my contributions to journalism, as well as to all the spectators of my plays: say, to be excessively cautious, not less than a million people.

It is not necessary to go into the question whether the effect on all these people has been for good or evil. It may be that it would have been better for myself and them if I had never been born. But that is neither here nor there for the present point, which is, that the work done in the world by the library cannot be measured by the number of people visibly seated in it. I will go so far as to say that if a public library did not attract even one reader from the outside, its existence would be justified by the presence of its librarian and his official staff. And it never comes quite to that. There are always two or three readers to keep the place in countenance. And if (to take actual cases) one of them is a Carlyle and another a Karl Marx, the results may range from the extension of the English Factory Code throughout the whole modern world, to a European war and half a dozen revolutions. This may seem a questionable recommendation; but as long as people are impressed only by sensational events like wars and revolutions, and take unmixed benefactions thanklessly as a matter of course, it would be useless to cite the many library workers on whose influence there is no stain of blood. From Plato and Pythagoras to Descartes and Einstein there have been single men who would have justified all that the British Museum costs by spending one week of their lives in it; but the public knows them only as unhappy wretches who never knew the joy of jazzing with ladies of the beauty chorus every

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night and the daring adventure of buying cocaine for them every day.

The moral is clear: let us have the libraries whether they are empty or full. And do not confuse their high function with that of the reading divan which polices our cities for us by enabling people to read about crimes and vices instead of going out into the streets and practising them. Do not forget, either, that though this is a very desirable substitution, it is the reverse of desirable in the case of good deeds and virtues. Just as reading about crimes does not make us criminals, but rather causes any propensities we may have in that direction to waste themselves harmlessly through the imagination, so reading about high virtues does not make us heroes and heroines; it wastes our heroic impulses in precisely the same manner. Therefore it is very questionable whether reading rooms should contain any good books. Rather should they be stocked with the Newgate Calendar, detective stories, lives of Cartouche, Lacenaire, Charles Peace, Moll Flanders and all the most infamous characters in fact or fiction. And when the readers, in the disgust and satiety produced by a debauch of such literature, go to the reading-room librarian and say "For heaven's sake give me a book about a saint or a hero: I am sick to death of those stupid malefactors," it should be the duty of that librarian to say, "No my son (or my daughter, as the case may be): the proper sphere of virtue is the living world. Go out and do good until you feel wicked again. Then come back to me; and I will discharge all your evil impulses for you without hurting anyone by a batch of thoroughly bad books." Moral: do not listen to the people who wish to purify public bookshelves: they are sitters on safety valves.

BERNARD SHAW.

The Realm of Roerich

[This was the last work of Andreyev published during his lifetime. It was written for a Russian daily appearing in Finland, on the occasion of the exhibition of Nicolas Roerich's paintings at the Strindberg Salon at Helsingfors.]

IT is impossible not to admire Roerich. One cannot pass by his precious canvasses without experiencing a deep emotion. Even for the layman, who perceives art vaguely as though in a dream, and accepts it only insomuch as it reproduces familiar reality, Roerich's paintings are full of a strange enchantment. So does a magpie admire a diamond, ignorant of its great and especial value for men. For the wealth of Roerich's colors is boundless, and endless too is his bounty, always surprising, always gladdening one's eyes and mind. To see a Roerich picture, means to see something *new*, something you have never and nowhere seen, not even among Roerich's own works. There are excellent painters who always remind one of some person and some thing. Roerich may remind one only of those charming sacred dreams which appear to none but pure youths and patriarchs, and for a moment link their mortal souls with the world of unearthly revelations. And so, not even understanding Roerich, at times disliking him, as the ignorant dislike all that is baffling and incomprehensible, the crowd meekly bows down before his radiant beauty.

Hence the road of Roerich is the road of fame. The Louvre and San Francisco, Moscow and eternal Rome, have already become safe depositories for his creative revelations. All Europe, so distrustful of the East, has paid the tribute of homage to the great Russian artist. At the present moment, when the grandeur and future of Russia sway so terribly in the world balance, we Russians must accept this gift of the artist with particular trembling and gratitude . . .

But neither the simple-minded bewildered layman nor the professional painter with his specific ecstasy for Roerich's mastery is in a position to enjoy in full measure the peculiar genius of the artist who has no peers. This joy is given only to him who has been able to penetrate into Roerich's world, into his great realm, who has succeeded in divining and reading the hidden meaning of his runes through the veil of their beauty. Roerich is not a servant of the earth—he is the creator and the sovereign of a whole enormous world, of an extraordinary dominion. Columbus discovered America, another sliver of the old familiar earth, he prolonged the line already marked out—and he is still being glorified and praised. Then what shall one say of a man who *amidst the visible discovers the unseen*, and bestows upon us not the continuation of an old world, but an entirely new, most beautiful world?

A whole new world!

The genius of Roerich's fantasy reaches the border of clairvoyance. To describe one's world as Roerich describes it is within the power of him alone who has not only imagined this world and

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continues to imagine it, but who has seen it with his eyes and who sees it continually. Intangible images, deep and complex like dreams, he clothes as it were in the beautiful clearness of mathematical formulas, in a colorfulness of hues where behind the most unexpected transitions and combinations one invariably feels the truth of a Creator. Free from effort, lithe as a dance, Roerich's art never leaves the circle of divine logicalness. On the peaks of ecstasy, in the most blazing intoxication, in the gloomiest visions, terrible and full of meaning like the prophecies of the Apocalypse, his god remains the blissfully harmonious Apollo. Strange to say, in the presentation of his subjective world, Roerich has attained that degree of objectivity at which the most improbable and unthinkable, like for instance his Wood-sprites or House of the Spirit, becomes convincing and indubitable—truth itself for he has seen it. Here is where one may see the highest grade of creative power, the last step of clairvoyance. It seems at times as though Roerich photographed the pictures and images of his non-existing world—so real are they. How strange it is to say: The view of a doomed city, the "façade" of a house of the Spirit! . . . Does it exist?

Yes, it exists, this beautiful world, this realm of Roerich, of which he is the sole tsar and ruler. Though charted in no maps, it is real and exists no less than the province of Orel or the kingdom of Spain. And as people journey to foreign lands, one may journey thither, later to narrate at length of its riches and extraordinary beauty, of its people, of its terrors, joys, and sufferings, of its skies, clouds, and prayers. There are dawns and sunsets, different from ours, but no less magnificent. There are life and death, saints and warriors, peace and war, there are even conflagrations, with their monstrous reflection on the distraught clouds. There are seas and skiffs . . . no, not our sea and not our skiffs: our terrestrial geography knows no such wise and deep sea, with rocks on its banks, that are like the tables of the testament. There they know much, there they see deep; in the silence of the earth and of the skies there sound words of divine revelation. And in a moment of distraction one may, in one's mortal way, envy the man Roerich, who sits on a high bluff, and sees—sees! such a beautiful world, a world wise, metamorphosed, translucently brilliant and reconciled, sublimated to the height of superhuman eyes.

Seeking for the familiar in the strange, ever striving to explain the heavenly through the earthly, people generally call Roerich a painter of hoary Varangian antiquity, a poet of the North, intending thus to bring him nearer to comprehension. I deem this an error. Roerich is not a servant of the earth, either in its past or in its present; he is all in his *own* world, and he does not depart from it. Even when the artist pursues the modest aim of presenting pictures of the earth, when his canvasses are named The Conquest of Kazan, or Decorations to Peer Gynt, even then he, "sovereign not of these parts," continues to remain the creator of a different world: such a Kazan was never conquered by Ivan the Terrible, such a Norway the traveller has never seen. But it is very possible that precisely such a Kazan and such a battle did the terrible tsar see in his dreams, when in the name of Christ, in the name of his peasant, Christian, apostolic Russia, he raised his sword against the Unbeliever. But it is very possible that precisely such a Norway did the poet, fantast, luckless Peer Gynt perceive in his dreams—a sweet Norway, most fair and beloved. Here it is as though the wondrous world of Roerich and the old, familiar earth converged, and this is so because all those for whom the free sea of dream and contemplation has opened, well nigh inevitably land at Roerich's shores which are "not of these parts."

But for this one must love the North. The fact of the matter is that the uncharted realm of Roerich is also situated in the North. In this sense—but in this only—Roerich is the only poet of the North, the only singer and interpreter of its mystically mysterious soul, profound and wise like its black rocks, contemplative and gentle like the pale verdure of the northern spring, sleepless and lucid like its white flickering nights. It is not that gloomy North of the realistic painters, where there is the end of light and life, where Death has erected his scintillating throne of ice and greedily looks upon the hot earth with his whitish eyes. Here is the beginning of life and light, here is the cradle of wisdom and of sacred words about God and man, about their eternal love and eternal struggle. The proximity of death merely lends an aerialness to the contours of this beautiful land, and gives it that light, luminous, almost untrembling sadness which suffuses all the colors of Roerich's world. For clouds also die! Each sunrise also dies! Only that grass can be as green as Roerich's grass, which knows of the advent of winter and death after the brief summer . . .

And yet another, most important thing, may be said about the world of Roerich—it is a world of truth. What the name of this Truth is I do not know, but then who knows the name of Truth? Yet its presence invariably agitates the onlooker, and illumines his thoughts with a peculiar quaint light. One feels as though the artist had rid man of all the excrescent, all the superfluous, evil and

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disturbing elements, had embraced him and the earth with a glance of love—and had sunk into deep meditation, had sunk into deep meditation, descrying something . . . One prays for stillness, lest a single sound, or a rustle, disturb this profound thought of man.

Such is the realm of Roerich . . . Any attempt at transmitting its enchanting beauty through words, must be fruitless. That which has been thus expressed in color will not tolerate the rivalry of words and stands in no need of them. But—if jesting be permitted in such a serious matter—it might not harm to send a whole grave whiskered expedition to investigate Roerich's kingdom. Let them survey and measure, let them cogitate and calculate; then let them write a history of this new land, and chart it on the maps of human revelations, where only a very few artists have created and fortified their kingdoms.

LEONID ANDREYEV.

Translated by Alexander Kaun.

"Save the Rich!"

HE sat in the front row, and somehow gave the impression of filling at least two seats. It was the freedom of his posture—easy, spreading, unconscious—the big looseness of his rough plaided jacket, worn over his conspicuously new blue overalls. But that aside, you would have remarked him at the first glance at your audience—the black abundant hair, the eager eye, the ruddy face set him apart from a houseful of sallow, unrevealing countenances.

When I was launched on my discussion I remarked him in spite of myself, for he was with me—quite embarrassingly with me. His approval showed in emphatic nods, and if I caught his eye it was as if he said aloud, "Go to it. You are right. Keep it up."

He came around afterwards to speak to me. I knew, of course, that he would do that. But he wanted something more. He wanted to talk with me for a long time, he said. He must. He had something that I should know, something that I must help pass on. And so I gave him my only free time in the morning.

He came on the tick of the hour. I found him sitting anxiously on the edge of one of the dingy upholstered chairs in the dull, impoverished hotel "parlor," where at one side a maid laid the bed, which over-crowding made necessary at night. He was pathetically eager, fearful lest I make excuses to escape—as in truth I had had it in mind to do. Was I not to take the 11:30 train?

"It is serious, Sister," he began, almost pantingly. "You must hear me. Grievous times are impending."

"An evangelist. He has come to pray with me"—and I had a disconcerting picture of myself kneeling beside him in the shabby room, while the amazed maid suspended her bed-making in disapproval, or mockery.

But it was not that. "Grievous times are impending. We must get at the root of the evil. I know the root. I know how to destroy it. You must help me. It's the rich who have lost their way and are bringing destruction on men. We must save them. Not save them by hate, Sister, but by love. They have given up God's plan for running the world. They think they've found a better one. It is leading them to death.

"I know what I am talking about. I have learned it by being up against 'em. I am only forty, and I started out thinking that everything was all right in the world, that all you needed was to get a foothold—a patch of land, a cow and a horse. That's what my Pappy and Mammy said. That's what they done. About the time I was twenty I came out here and got to be a cow boy. I married a cow girl, and right away we begun to figger about gettin' a farm, for she was brought up like me to believe that way. Wages was high, and I went to work in a railway gang, making roadbed, diggin' ditches—hard, but good pay. And we saved.

"It was when I was workin' on the railroad that I begun to see how the rich was gettin' away from God's ideas. There was something about the way we was livin' that wan't decent and wan't necessary. We said we would go to the boss and complain, and we did, one Friday noon. And the boss said, 'You come to me tomorrow and I will answer you.' Some of the fellows said we would be fired, but I said, 'No, that wouldn't be square. A man will listen to you. He has to listen to you in this country.' So we went back Saturday, and the boss didn't waste no words. 'You are fired,' he said. 'I won't have no kickin' here. I have filled these jobs with Dagoes, they won't be so nice.'

"And he did, Sister. Took the jobs away from men born right here in this country and gave 'em to greasers who live like hogs.

"It wan't American what he'd done. I saw that then, and I was mad, mad all through; and I went and joined a union. That's nearly twenty years ago, and I've seen it again and again since—no hearing like an American just naturally thinks he has a right to. It ain't American. That's what I said at the start—but I say more now—some-

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thing I did't see at the start—it ain't Christian. It breaks into God's plan. Listen to what He says."

He pulled out a worn little book, and, with fingers that still quivered with fear lest I escape before his message was delivered, turned to what he wanted.

"Listen. Here is what He says: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.' He meant that for men as well as for oxen. St. Paul says He meant it 'for our sake.' You ain't got far to go to find out why the rich have put a muzzle on workers. It's because they want to get around the backbone of the plan: 'He that planteth and he that watereth are one and each shall receive his own reward according to his labor.' That's the first law, Sister. The rich want to forget it. They don't want to divvy accordin' to what each does. They want more. You couldn't make me believe that at first. Even when I saw they was tryin' to muzzle me and I wouldn't stand for it, I thought I was gettin' all I was worth—and I was, up to the time I was throwed out, and then I thought there was places where it wouldn't be so, and I said to my wife, 'We will go West and settle. We'll get that land in some other state. California is the place for us.' And so we worked our way out.

" 'Hard?' I suppose it was, but we was young and happy, and we knew the plains. We felt sure we would get land there, and there was lots of work at first. And then, before you knew it, the Japs came. They worked cheap, and they worked fine. They saved. They didn't bother about American standards. And the Americans took them up and threw us out when they could get something cheaper. The land we was looking for in California was there, but we couldn't get it because the Japs had the work.

"I ain't revengeful, Sister. I don't see revenge as a part of God's economic plan, but I can't help feelin' that the men that's howlin' now about the Japs ownin' land and doin' better than they can on it, because they work harder and spend less, are gettin' just exactly what should be comin' to 'em.

"And so we moved on—and on. And always we found that just as it was in Oklahoma, just as it was in California, the first law, 'He that planteth and he that watereth are one and each shall receive his own reward according to his labor' wan't obeyed. And always we found that every time we said anything whatever about it, we was muzzled.

"I tried the unions, and nothing but fightin' seemed to happen, and politics and foolish talk. And I tried the Socialists, and there was more politics and more foolish talk. When you've tried out everything and nothing does you, you're apt to get feelin' 'round for God, to find out what He has to say. I never'd paid much attention to God, but somehow, when the unions didn't do it and I got fed up with Socialists doin' so much talkin' and not gettin' anywhere, and I could see nothing else, I took to the Bible.

"Well, Sister, that's what I want to tell you, that God has the only economic plan that will save the world. And all is the matter with us now is that the strong in the world has gotten away from it.

"It began when the first man got minded to be rich—that started it. Listen to this."

The still tremulous hands ran over the leaves of the little black book. "Listen: 'When a man is minded to be rich, he falls into a temptation and a snare and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown a man in destruction and perdition, for the love of money is the root of all kinds of evil.'

"Awful things happen to the man minded to be rich; he looses his singleness of purpose, forgets that a man's first business is service of the Lord and goodwill for men—all men. When he goes to church, do you think he can listen right through, soak it all in and praise God from start to finish? He can't, even if he tries to; things jump in ahead of the sermon. Most sermons ain't so interestin' but you've got to help 'em out a little in your mind, kind of fire 'em up. You can do that if you're lit up with love of God and goodwill to men; but if you ain't, business gets in ahead.

"I know how it is myself. I don't live down here. I live up in Oregon and work in the orchards, and some men sent me down here with a carload of apples, to sell 'em out. And I say, Sister, you can't figger how them apples worries me,—'fraid something will happen to 'em—thieves get 'em—frost get 'em. Figgers worries me—'fraid I'll make a mistake. I go to church and instead of listenin', in bobs them apples—and the figgers—breaks up my singleness of purpose. I look at the rich, and I feel for 'em, for I know just how it is. They've got worries—must have, and they can't concentrate on God like He expects 'em to and like they must if they carry out His plan.

"Then, when a man gets minded to be rich it makes him a respecter of persons. And that's something God hates. Seems like money always stirs up a man to want to seem better than the poor. Why, you see it right along, even in church.

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The man in good clothes gets the front pew and I in my overalls must set back out of sight. God's warned 'em that they'll have to suffer for that, but I recken they've got to where they can't believe He don't admire anybody that looks as fine as they do, and carries around so much money—think God's like the preachers, sees the world saved by contributions.

"It ain't only what they do to themselves, bringin' on their heads the wrath of God—it's what they do to me. I ain't excusin' myself—it ain't right; but when I see myself set aside in church, I just naturally get mean and think about what I ought not to. It turns me from God. And that's the worst thing the rich are doing—they are turnin' the poor against the Lord.

"Listen here: 'Ye have dishonored the poor man.'

"That's what's happened. And when they do that, they set him against everything they support, God along with the rest.

"And the preachers don't warn them, seem to have lost sight of the plan themselves. Why, they explain away even what Christ said about its bein' harder for a rich man to enter into heaven than for a camel to get through a needle's eye—which it is no use denyin' he couldn't do. I heard my own preacher doin' that just lately. What he made out was that this young man was an exception, had to have special hard treatment to get his heart right, that Christ meant what He said only for him, and not for the rich generally. But I don't read that Christ said so.

"What they're doin' won't work. When you get a plan laid down you've got to follow it if you're goin' to get anywhere. If they didn't keep my apple car on the right track I never would have got down here with it. This world is never goin' to be the happy place that God meant it should be and that it could be, as long as we're off the track as we are. Worse than that, unless we get back there's goin' to be a big smash—no way to stop it. It's laid down in the plan.

"The rich don't see what's hangin' over their heads. They don't know God's opinion of 'em for what they're doin'; and the preachers ain't tellin' 'em any more. It's written down, plain as can be."

The little black book came out again. No tremor of fingers now—he knew I would stay to the end. "Listen to this: 'Because thou sayest I am rich, I have gotten riches and have need of nothing, knowest not that thou art the wretched one, and miserable and poor and blind and naked!"

"I reckon, Sister, they think they can beat the Lord runnin' the world, show Him that He's wrong about money, that it can save the world. But their plan won't work. It ain't workin' today. The destruction God warned would follow if they set their mind on riches is on the way. You can hear the rumble of it everywhere. They would hear it themselves but that they've deafened their ears.

"Don't you see what we must do, Sister? We must make 'em listen—show 'em in love—make it clear to 'em—save 'em. It ain't so much that they are bad as that they don't see. They have lost their way. I have to tell 'em—I must have help. You must do your part. Some will listen to me, some to you. Maybe I will get one, maybe you will get one. And they will pass it on."

"All aboard for the 11:30." The bus man's voice shrilled through the halls—nasal, insistent.

"They are calling my train," I said. "I must go."

He rose with me—another man—confident, dominant, even gay. He was freed of his message. He had obeyed the voice. He could go now—look after his apples, happy until the hour returned, as it would, when he would see another who must hear him. Then again he would go through the pains of delivery.

"God bless you, Sister," he called, as I hastened away. "Pass it on."

And that is what I am doing here.

IDA M. TARBELL.

Medusa

I had come to the house, in a cave of trees
Facing a sheer sky
Everything moved: a bell hung ready to strike,
Sun and reflection wheeled by.

When the bare eyes were before me
And the hissing hair,—
Held up at a window, seen through a door,
The stiff bald eyes, the serpents on the forehead
Formed in the air.

This is a dead scene forever now,
Nothing will ever stir;
The end will never brighten it more than this
Nor the rain blur.

The water will always fall and will not fall,
And the tipped bell make no sound.
The grass will be always growing for hay
Deep on the ground.

And I shall stand here like a shadow
Under the great balanced day,
My eyes on the yellow dust that was lifting in the wind
And does not drift away.

LOUISE BOGAN.

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Education by Henry Adams

THE other day the Washington Conference had a vacation for a short period. Probably similar recesses will occur from time to time. A person desirous of a good understanding, a genuine understanding, not just a diplomatic one, between England and the United States, might wish for the temporary possession of a power to control the time of our English friends, delegates, newspaper men, publicity agents during one of these intervals. He would withdraw them into solitude and place in their hands a copy of The Education of Henry Adams. He would advise at least a cursory reading of the chapters regarding Adams's service in London during the Civil War. Thence some instruction would be gleaned about the current attitude of Americans toward the foreign policies of Great Britain. Ancient history? Yes; but it is part of the business of those dealing with relations of nations to know that all important history of international relations is ancient history. Otherwise there would be no international problems.

Serious and prayerful study, however, would begin with later pages. Certain passages of Chapter Twenty-Four referring to the effect of the Spanish war in England should be underscored for commitment to memory. "In London, in 1898, the scene was singularly interesting to the last survivor of the Legation of 1861. He carried every scene of it, in a century and a half since the Stamp Act, quite alive in his mind . . . every step in which *had the object of bringing England into an American system.*" And then he notes that the sole concern of British statesmen and London opinion was with the effect of the annexation of the Philippines upon the balance of power in the Far East.

This piece of almost twenty-five year old history may define the issue at Washington, if it is duly studied. Is England going to be brought into an American system? Or is the United States going to get involved in balance of power politics? Our English friends are politely suggesting to us the selfishness of our policy of isolation. They are genially pointing out to us the opportunity of "coming in" with them to help serve the world. Is it absorption amounting to absent-mindedness, or a lack of sense of humor, or a resolve to hold on to everything the British Empire has got—which of course would not be selfishness in its case—which makes the alternative conspicuous by its absence? For the alternative is that the British should "come in" with us, come into that "American system" which as Adams points out we have been struggling to get her to recognize for now over a century and a half.

It is disconcerting to be so flatteringly told that Great Britain wants nothing but what the United States wants, that her sole policy at the Washington Conference is to promote that good understanding betweeen the two great free nations, etc., etc., which is necessary for the peace of the world, etc., etc., and then note that our good friends are oblivious of the terms upon which an agreement of minds can be secured. Oblivious rather than unwilling seems to be the correct word. No one prizes amity and concord more than Balfour. But give up Kowloon? Why, Kowloon is in Asia, and besides it is needed to defend Hong Kong; and more territory may be needed to defend Kowloon; and retention of Kowloon adds to the difficulty in developing a port of Canton. And at present, as Balfour naïvely reminded the Conference, Hong Kong carries most of the commerce of southern China. It is pathetic to see so much energy wasted in promoting a working accord of the two English-speaking peoples—we are getting past the "Anglo-Saxon" epoch—by means that are fated to failure. The way toward it is simple. But it lies neither through propaganda nor bargaining.

Henry Adams again points the way. He discusses Hay's policy at the time of the Boxer rebellion. "When Hay suddenly ignored European leadership, took the lead himself, rescued the Legations and saved China, Adams looked on, as incredulous as Europe, though not quite so stupid. . . . For a moment, indeed, the world had been struck dumb at seeing Hay put Europe aside, and set the Washington government at the head of civilization so quietly that civilization submitted . . . Instantly the diplomacy of the nineteenth century, with all its painful scuffles and struggles, was forgotten, and the American blushed to be told of his submissions in the past. *History broke in halves.*"

This particular history can no more be put together into the old whole than can Humpty Dumpty. The Chinese phase of our foreign policy is hardly less stubborn, less sentimental, or less alterable than our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. Neither of them is the product of superior virtue, but of historic accident and self-interest. But there they are. And the advice, instruction and kind warnings against selfish isolation of our foreign friends would sink deeper than they are sinking, if it were recognized that the American people is not going to stand for anything which even indirectly encroaches on the Hay policy. A few weeks ago this point might have been a disputed matter. I do not see how anyone who has followed the movement of sentiment since the opening of the Conference, who has noted the things it has risen to and the things it has failed to rise to, can have doubts any longer.

There is another lesson taught by Henry Adams

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which perhaps does not need much further expounding either to foreigners or Americans—not since President Wilson failed to heed it at Versailles. But it rounds out the text-book and so will be quoted. This time it is not a matter of what Hay did, but of something which he said. "A treaty of peace in any normal state of things, ought to be ratified with unanimity in twenty-four hours. . . . We have five or six matters now demanding settlement. I can settle them all, honorably and advantageously to our own side. . . . I should have a majority in the Senate in every case, but a malcontent third would certainly dish every one of them."

This state of affairs is no credit to our governmental machinery nor to our honest intelligence. But as Henry Adams remarks, the only defence of an inefficient government like ours is that doing everything badly, it tends to do nothing. And that as governments are now constituted is something. And when it comes to the question of entering into combinations, called by whatever euphonious name, for saving the world which consecrate the status quo and perpetuate the past system of international relations in Asia, declination to act is more than something. It is everything. The popular refusal to "come in" to a European system, will not spring from understanding or virtue. But we are still English enough to have a certain stubborn inertia in spite of our facile emotional response to kind and flattering words. "Bringing England into an American system"; American diplomatic "history breaking into halves" over China; the "malcontent third" in the Senate; are not these texts to ponder on those days when the Conference takes a recess?

JOHN DEWEY.

VERSE

The Haunting Fingers

A fantasy in a Museum of Musical Instruments

"Are you awake,
Comrades, this silent night?
Well 'twere if all of our glossy gluey make
Lay in the damp without, and fell to fragments quite!"

"O viol, my friend,
I sleep not, though dawn nears,
And I fain would drowse away to its utter end
This dumb dark stowage after our loud melodious years!"

And they felt past handlers clutch them,
Though none was in the room,
Old players' dead fingers touch them,
Shrunk in the tomb.

"'Cello, good mate,
You speak my mind as yours:
Doomed to this voiceless, crippled, corpselike state,
What vibrant frame so trapped and taken long endures?"

"Once I could thrill
The populace through and through,
Wake them to passioned pulsings past their will" . . . .
(A contrabasso spoke so, and the rest sighed anew.)

And they felt dead touches travel
Over their tense contours,
And with old skill unravel
Cunningest scores.

"The tender pat
Of her airy finger-tips
Upon me daily—I rejoiced thereat!"—
Thuswise a harpsichord, as from dampered lips.

"My keys' white shine,
Now sallow, met a hand
Even whiter . . . Tones of hers fell forth with mine
In sowings of sound so sweet no lover could withstand!"

And its clavier was filmed with fingers
Like weak wan flames in the air,
Or a phosphorus gleam that lingers
In mould laid bare.

"Gayer than most
Was I," reverbed a drum;
"The regiments, marchings, throngs, hurrahs! What a host
I stirred—even when crape mufflings gagged me well-nigh dumb!"

Thrilled an aged viol:
"Much tune have I set free
To spur the dance, since my first timid trial
Where I had birth—far hence, in sun-swept Italy!"

And he feels the dead fingers on him
Of those who pressed him then;
Who seem with their glance to con him,
Saying, "Not again!"

"A holy calm,"
Mourned a shawm's voice subdued,
"Would steep my rhythms when Sabbath hymn and psalm
Poured from devout souls met in weekly sanctitude."

"I faced the sock
Nightly," (twanged a sick lyre,)
"Over ranked lights! O charm of life in mock,
O scenes that fed love, hope, wit, rapture, mirth, desire!"

Thus they, till each dead player
Stroked thinner and more thin,
And the morning sky grew grayer,
And day looked in.

THOMAS HARDY.

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After the Play

THE farces of Georges Courteline did not exist for me till I went to see Boubouroche performed by the Theatre Guild, but now I am a happier and wiser man. Most farces, as a rule, have but one purpose, to make you laugh. Anxious theatrical promoters stand in the wings while comical accidents are multiplied on the stage, and nothing allays the promoters' anxiety except a huge number of laughs. These men register mirth on a chart. They can tell you that by 9.14 P. M. there ought to be X number of laughs in any farce by Avery Hopwood, and if Avery Hopwood has to produce the guffaws by processes best not described that fact goes completely unmentioned. In the world of successful American farce, a dirty dollar bill is as good as a clean bill, and a laugh is a laugh.

With Georges Courteline, apparently, the farce has a rather different intention. He applies it not to the physical conduct of his people, which is quite restrained, but to the human folly they illustrate. That main folly, in Boubouroche, is the illusion of love. M. Courteline knows very well that all love is not equally blind but what gives him his farce is one cleverly chosen situation built around an amiable numskull, and so he enables us to take sweet vengeance on the fatuity of love.

Boubouroche, acted with delightful gusto by Mr. Arnold Daly, is the benevolent gentleman who pays the rent for Adèle at 111 boulevard Magenta. Boubouroche believes, nay knows, that Adèle is everything that his heart could desire—amiable, unselfish, devoted, faithful. He expands, he glows, at the thought of Adèle. He tells his café companion how Adèle dawned on his shy and shrinking life and how he warmed to her as to the most perfect foot-warmer a human being ever had.

Then we see Adèle, with her other lover, in the bosom of the apartment at 111 boulevard Magenta, for which Boubouroche pays the rent. But the scene is anything but romantic. It is pedantically domestic. André, Boubouroche's rival, has the perfect marital tone. As he sits mending his bicycle horn he talks with lachrymose restraint of all *his* disadvantages, *his* undignified position as a lover who must be concealed in the wardrobe every time the bell rings. (The bell rings repeatedly.) When the unsentimetal portrait has been completed, the bell sends André once more to cover and the ample Adèle (Miss Olive May) admits Boubouroche, who has meanwhile learned that he is being deceived. A comfortable, fatuous man forced to avenge his honor, Boubouroche starts to bluster quite as automatically as André had complained. Adèle remonstrates, elocutes, reproaches, ascends the pedestal. An unfortunate accident, however, reveals André just at the moment she had convicted Boubouroche of being an idiot. André presents Boubouroche with his card and stalks out of the apartment in distinguished indignation. Then the separation commences which Boubouroche is too big a baby, and Adèle too good a manager, to desire. Her fertile mind at last hits on the idea that André is a painful family secret, and Boubouroche grasps at the explanation through his sorrowing tears. They become reconciled. They chirrup to each other. The last tableau is Peace, blessed Peace—peace at any price. It is, of course, a caricature, but it is one of those easy, irreverent, ironical caricatures which shows a quite wonderful knowledge of life. Not to see and enjoy it is to miss one of the very best productions this year. The Wife with a Smile, on the same program, is not of the same calibre. It is a modern provincial French tragi-comedy in two acts, written by Denys Amiel and André Obey and acted by Blanche Yurka, Arnold Daly and a sound cast. As the excruciated wife of a coarse mercantile husband, Miss Yurka seemed to me too melodramatic to evoke the comedy which was definitely intended. But the play itself has an amateur quality after the deft farce of M. Courteline.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

ONE more gesture in quest of a native American art of the ballet was made recently by those who enabled Miss Ruth Page, one time aide to Pavlova and later partner of Bolm, to appear in matinée recital at the Apollo Theatre as solo ballerina. And while the event gave evidence once more of the discouraging distance of the desired goal, it afforded example of one of the means of attaining it. Importations, whether they come from Russia or from Burma, have served their purpose of pointing the way and setting standards; and henceforth, if we are to make any original progress, we must train our own artists of the dance, both those of creation and of execution. And the soundest policy in that course of training is to thrust on them that measure of responsibility which will stimulate without confusing.

The ideal conditions for the growth of a native ballet, of course, would presuppose a tradition of the dance, a school or schools where children could be trained while still supple and amenable both physically and spiritually, and an audience at one and the same time critical and sympathetic. Lacking not one but all of these conditions, we shall have to be grateful when some zealot like Miss Severn or Miss Page dares to defy conditions, starts training at an age when Russians would deem attainment impossible and with courageous naïveté presumes an audience which does not yet exist in ponderable numbers. They are, perhaps, the pioneers of a tradition, the stimulants to a school, the creators of an audience.

Less mature and resourceful than Miss Severn, Miss Page seems to me, on the contrary, to be on a surer path toward achievement: her appearance in solo is evidence of her ambition to stand alone, but she has not cut the bonds which tie her to her master. Instead, she is merely taking advantage of Mr. Bolm's desire that she learn to be an independent. Less headstrong and self-reliant than Miss Severn, she may not for some time be so superficially "effective". It all depends on the quality of her latent imagination and its awakening. Her course is the right course, the only course to a full realization of her powers. She has acquired technical proficiency astonishing to those who believe training impossible beyond the age of ten or twelve. The indications of a fertile imagination are evident in The Poisoned Flower, a Siamese dance-legend of her own devising. Her work in solo in still inferior to that in association with her master. But in the ballet, as in bridge, you'll never find out where the ace is by waiting.

The most discouraging thing about our quest for a native ballet is the lack of supervising and directing minds. It is in the nature of the dance tha dancers themselves should devise and create the media of their art. Pavlova, Mordkin, Miassin, Bolm have all held the reins over the Baksts and the Stravinskys. But where is the American Mamontoff, the American Diaghileff, the American patron and Maecenas who alone will take the aristocratic interest in the art of the dance which a democracy cannot be expected to assume? Our twin operas make pretenses, but they are half-hearted. We shall probably have to await zealots in this field who are as willing to defy conditions as the performer.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

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The Story of Mankind

The Story of Mankind, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright. $5.00.

MR. VAN LOON'S book inexorably suggests a comparison with the recent excursion into universal history by Mr. Wells. Indeed Boni and Liveright are at some pains to inform us that their author thought of the matter long before the English novelist discovered the potentialities, literary and economic, of a general history. This was unnecessary. Those who know anything about the two authors do not need this explanation. Mr. Van Loon was known as an ingenious and brilliant historical student for many a long year before Mr. Wells burst all ablaze into the firmament, accompanied by his satellite assistants. Mr. Wells is a popular novelist, a tireless writer, and a successful diner out. All the head and lion hunters are, for this brief day, upon his trail. Mr. Van Loon loves a good dinner too, but since boyhood he has labored with pick and hammer in the stuff of history. It does not appear that he discovered the Fabian Society early in his youth, but, master as he was of a dozen languages, he read far and wide in the sources while the star of hope was on his brow.

Here is the fruit of much labor. It is a book of four hundred and sixty-six pages on the history of man from the stone age to the triumph of W. W. at Paris. Two hundred and fifty pages bring us down to the Protestant Reformation. The Nineteenth Century gets about a hundred pages. Moses, Jesus, Buddha, Confucius, Mohamet and Napoleon have headings of their own. All the rest of the great are buried with the little actors and the masses. Pre-historic man, the Nile Valley, Greek city states, the Roman empire, feudalism, the mediaeval city, learning in the Middle Ages, the great discoveries, the Reformation, the English revolution, mercantilism, the French Revolution, the industrial revolution, the Holy Alliance, science, art, and imperialism are all here arranged in order. Though the volume is for children and will be read with delight by them, the wisest adult in the land will be still wiser if he pores over its pages.

Mr. Van Loon, like all real human persons, is playful and wayward, and he slams his historical characters about as a joyful child handles its dolls, but he nevertheless walks with firm feet along the path marked by the ascent of man. Ever since Mark Twain ventured upon the sacrilege of picturing the Tsar of all the Russians taking a bath in a large cold room, even doctors of philosophy have suspected that history is not all dress parade. Mr. Van Loon learned that very long ago. Yet, enamored as he is of Irony and Pity, he never has a fit after the fashion of Mr. Wells.

Fathers and mothers who sit in silence before the flickering fire and wonder how best to equip their children to fight the powers of folly and darkness will find Mr. Van Loon a far safer guide than the English novelist. Mr. Van Loon knows a thousand times more history and writes with as much taste and more humor. Moreover he has drawn amusing and entertaining maps and pictures that really illuminate the text. Some of the pictures assume, perhaps, too much knowledge on the part of the youthful readers. It must be remembered that in art as in literature we see what is behind our eyes. It may be questioned whether Greece is best represented by two massive columns standing out in solitary grandeur against a blue sky. Would not some slight dream of Phidias be better? Who knows?

Movement and Color attract the interest of children and Mr. Van Loon has written for them. Still, there is a rich background to all his chapters, a background that can be seen by those that have eyes to see. In this respect the Story of Mankind is a sort of Robinson Crusoe. Moreover there are scattered here and there paragraphs as solid as one could find in any Grundrisse und Grundbedingungen. Take this passage on falling Rome:

> Rome could not endure. Her young men were killed in her endless wars. Her farmers were ruined by long military service and by taxation. They either became professional beggars or hired themselves out to rich landowners who gave them board and lodging for their services and made them 'serfs' . . . a part of the soil upon which they worked, like so many cows and the trees. The slaves . . lost all interest in the affairs of this world which had proved such a miserable place of abode. They were willing to fight the good fight that they might enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. But they were not willing to engage in warfare for the benefit of an ambitious emperor . . . in the land of the Parthians or the Numidians or the Scots.

When Mr. Van Loon comes to the modern reformers and the labor movement he speaks with the same strong sense of reality. Like all our urban minded brethren, however, he thinks lightly of the peasants and passes them by on the other side as he wades through the French Revolution. That is a fault which should be corrected in another edition. Here's hoping there may be many!

Now to the heart of the matter. What is the underlying philosophy or chief suspicion of the author? On the very last page, headed As It Ever Shall Be, Mr. Van Loon gently informs us that we should choose Irony and Pity as our guides. Irony disarms us with her mirth and teaches us to laugh at rogues and fools whom, but for her, we might be so weak as to despise and hate. Very good. This reminds us of the solemn ending of Bishop Bossuet's Discours sur l'histoire universelle: "All those who are engaged in the work of government find themselves subject to a higher power. They always do more or less than they intend and their counsels have never failed to have unforeseen effects. They are not masters of the turn in affairs given by the ages past. Neither can they foresee what course the future will take. Far less can they force it."

But Mr. Van Loon surprises us on the page just preceding, which is naturally read immediately after the last page, by saying of the wormeaten, water-logged ship of state: "Some day a man shall arise who will bring the vessel safely to port, and he shall be the hero of all the ages." I fear that after the author passed his plate proofs, the publishers, following the style of moving picture producers, inserted the inevitable "happy ending." As for myself I like Bossuet on this point: "It is God who forms kingdoms and gives them to whomsoever he will. He knows how to make them, in His own good time and scheme of things, subservient to the designs He hath upon the people." Hard headed rationalists may substitute "cosmic process" or "economic determinism" or "natural forces," but we are still left stranded upon the island of uncertainty. The thing that puzzles me is what new schemes may be thought-up by restless saloon Bolsheviks after we get "safely to port." Let Mr. Van Loon write another book, illustrated, on the point.

For grasp on historic fact, for style, and for insight, I prefer plain Mr. Van Loon (without his Ph. D.) to Bishop Bossuet or Bishop Wells. He has written a great book, one that will endure. CHARLES A. BEARD.

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The American Novel

The American Novel, by Carl Van Doren. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

THE discovery of America and the invention of the novel are not far separated in point of time. It is not altogether fantastic to trace some correspondence in their development. Both passed through successive phases of discovery, exploration, timid and sporadic colonization, rapid settlement, and industrial exploitation attended by an immense increase in population. As America has drawn from established races and older civilizations elements which it has united in an imperfect synthesis, so the novel from previously existing species, the epic, the romance, the drama, the essay, even the lyric, has evolved a combination, not clearly defined in form but inclusive in substance. Both have contributed to the modern world a sense of opportunity, a field for experiment. For four hundred years America has been the frontier of Europe; for almost as long the novel has been the frontier of literature.

Both America and the novel are hybrids in the matter of form—originals as regards substance. The novel therefore is singularly fitted to be the most generally expressive and useful type of literature in the new world. The necessary emphasis on material and significance in a rapidly developing society, the indifference to art for its own sake, find in the novel a natural reflection. Above all, the novel, bound by no established rules of structure or technique, offers a field for the individuality, the independence, the wilfulness of the pioneer, whose ignorance may pass for originality and whose recklessness may be genius.

For these and other reasons the novel has been the most significant form in American literature, the one which has invited most original effort and which has possessed the longest and most continuous historical development. The history of American poetry would be a conceivable undertaking, although the differentiation of American from English poetry in all that gives it national importance begins comparatively late. A history of the American drama or of American criticism would be a projection into the void. The American novel, however, provides Mr. Van Doren with material for a genuine history of literary development, and an interesting comment on the successive phases of American life.

Mr. Van Doren notes three "matters" as the substance of early American fiction, the frontier, the revolution, and the settlement. Of these the first is incomparably the leading one. The most important fact in the history of the United States has been the westward moving frontier, and this has furnished the most characteristic theme in American fiction. The early settlements stretched in a thin line between the forests and the sea, both elements furnishing necessary subsistence and inviting to adventure. Mr. Van Doren says:

> There is a closer analogy between the geographic and the imaginative frontier of the United States than has generally been realized. As the first advanced, thin, straggling, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, widening from Canada to Mexico, and reaching out in strips, the other followed, also thin and straggling, but with an incessant purpose to find out new territories which the imagination could play over and claim for its own.

It is therefore natural that the first comprehensive American novelist should have divided his attention mainly between the mountains and the sea, and it is suggestive of the recession of the frontier that Cooper's epic novel of American life, the Leatherstocking Tales, should find its conclusion, artistically if not chronologically, in the The Prairie.

The importance of the pioneer theme in American fiction is shown by its mingling with the other two "matters" which Mr. Van Doren enumerates. The national or revolutionary novel was most successful when, as in William Gilmore Simms, it took account of the primitive scene in which the war was fought. And the matter of settlement again has owed much of its glamor to the pioneer conditions in which it has been carried on, even to the generation commemorated by Mr. Garland and Miss Cather. The pioneer theme has persisted directly in an effort to gather together and utilize the remaining opportunties of the frontier—the Wild West— as in The Virginian. It has taken advantage of the legacy of the frontier which persists in the romantic heart of a boy, as in that most American of all fiction, Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn. The spirit of the pioneer enters into the great material of the American novel after the Civil War—the exploitation of the natural resources of the country and their conquest by business. The suddenness of the industrial revolution in America, while vast stretches of the country were still unexplored, and vaster resources, still unclaimed, were the stakes of individual initiative, brought the pioneer and the hero of business together in dramatic fashion. The business man is the apotheosis of the pioneer, the super-pioneer to whose success explorer and prospector, the clearer of ground and the digger of mines are tributary.

As in the novels of Cooper and his successors the form is determined by character, the dominant figure of the hero, and its material is the testing of character by the obstacles and dangers of untamed nature and savage men, so in the later American novel of industry and finance, the form is determined by the personality of the exploiter and conqueror. And in another way the type of the pioneer persists. At first the pioneer of fiction was conceived essentially in his character as a forerunner of society; but his temperament and training turned him into an extreme individualist, and association with primitive nature and its inhabitants gave him something of the noble savage. He came to hate the civilization whose advance agent he was, and to find his true passion in the wilderness he was sent to explore. Accordingly we find the protest against society becoming an element in the character of the pioneer, and making him all the more the great romantic figure of American fiction. And this spirit of protest, the legacy of the pioneer, has been maintained in the later versions of the pioneer story, and is one of the most honorable traditions of the American novel.

The pioneer theme has an indirect relation to the "matter" of settlement through its congruity with the theme which represents the leading motive of colonization—that of Puritanism. As the pioneer found himself on the border of the greater wilderness, tempting to unspeakable adventure, inviting exploitation and offering limitless reward, so the Puritan found himself on a frontier possessing the same attractions—the frontier of eternity. And both pioneer and Puritan were subject to the same condition—both must adventure alone, and hence with both, individuality came to be the primary source of power. As the pioneer abandoned ordered society, so the Puritan left established church and regulated religious

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thought and practice; and as the pioneer turned in protest against the civilization whose ambassador he was, so the essential Puritan reacted against the foundation of his own creed and the establishment of his own church. In other words, the individual conscience continued its revolt, and the spiritual life of America continued to abound in eccentric protest and self-conscious isolation. Hence we find as another leading theme in the American novel the adventure of spiritual conquest, the case of conscience. Of course, this theme is not peculiarly American. Puritanism was English before it was colonial, and it turned back on itself in Positivism in London, as it did in Unitarianism in Boston. But partly because of mere geographical remoteness from the intellectual world there is something distinctive about the New England conscience, something overwhelming in its emphasis on life, and intense in its penetration. And as a further inter-relation of the pioneer theme with that of the Puritan is to be noted the repressive influence of both. As the pioneer facing the dangers of the wilderness tended to sacrifice all the decoration of life to the necessity of survival, so likewise the Puritan, in a spiritual crisis equally imminent, tended to reduce life to an elemental relation to eternity.

Mr. Van Doren treats the simple pioneer theme in an admirable chapter on James Fenimore Cooper. The Puritan theme in its essential quality be treats in the chapter on Hawthorne. Among the finely critical passages in which the book abounds there is none more penetrating than that in which he suggests the distinctively national quality of Hawthorne as marked by his treatment of the problem of The Scarlet Letter.

> An ancestral strain accounts for this conception of adultery as an affair not of the civil order, but of the immortal soul. . . . A Frenchman might have painted the joy of Dimmesdale, the lover, with his forbidden mistress; an Italian might have traced the fierce course of Chillingworth, the husband, to a justified revenge; a German might have exhibited Hester, the offending wife, as actually achieving an outer freedom to match that one within. Hawthorne transfers the action to an entirely different plane. Let the persons in the triple conflict be involved as they may with one another, each of them stands essentially apart from the remaining two, because each is occupied with a still vaster conflict, with good and evil as the rival elements which continually tug at the poor human creature. . . . To the Puritan imagination, journeys begin not end in lovers meeting. The tragedy of Dimmesdale lies in his defeat by evil through the temptation of cowardice and hypocrisy, which are sins. Chillingworth tragically, and sinfully, chooses evil when he decides to take a treacherous vengeance into his own hands, though vengeance, he knows, is another's. Hester alone emerges from her guilt through her public expiation and the long practice of virtue afterward.

Although the four great novels of Hawthorne have not been equalled by any successor, the tradition of conscience as an element in serious American fiction is still powerful, witness Howells, Henry James, Mrs. Deland, and Winston Churchill. It has animated two pieces of fiction which oddly enough Mr. Van Doren does not mention in his very thorough survey—Mrs. Wharton's Ethan Frome, a story of renunciation and retribution which is worthy of Hawthorne, and Harold Frederic's Damnation of Theron Ware, where the decay of the moral life in spite of the organization of religion is treated as the breaking down of Puritanism.

A theme which Mr. Van Doren does not explicitly define but which obviously animates much of the more sophisticated American fiction of the nineteenth century was the result of the political and geographical separation of America from Europe, and the contrast in manners, learning, and beauty of life between the land of the pioneer and the Puritan, and his European home lands. This theme is frequently combined with those of the pioneer and the Puritan, thus giving the American an opportunity to show in physical or moral courage a compensation for what he lacks in urbanity and culture. When unsupported by such native resources, this early novel of manners, in opposition to the complacency of the nationalistic novel, tends to adopt a tone of discontent, of disparagement, of humility toward the land of its birth. Even when it recovers its typically American attitude of self-sufficiency, its very over-emphasis suggests an inferiority complex. Cooper touched this theme of contrast in Homeward Bound and Home as Found. Hawthorne in The Marble Faun combined it with moral issues. Nearly all Henry James's early novels, those which he wrote as an American novelist, from Roderick Hudson to The Portrait of a Lady are based upon it. The difference in moral attitude between America and the old world as part of a difference in civilization is an essential element of the contrast in his Ambassadors, in Mr. Henry B. Fuller's With the Procession, and in Mrs. Wharton's The Age of Innocence. These sophisticated novels may all be attributed to the blending of the Puritan theme with the cosmopolitan. Substitute the pioneer type for the Puritan and we have the persistent animus of much of the work of Mark Twain.

In Mr. Van Doren's lucid volume it is easy to trace these characteristically American themes in their development through the mass of American fiction. A more explicit recognition of them would perhaps have served to emphasize the national point of view, and the importance of the phenomena discussed in the development of American political and social conditions. There is a certain danger that the volume will be read purely as a text of literary history, and interpreted as a challenge in behalf of American letters. As such it must be admitted the substance of the book is rather thin. Even in its most natural and native field of the novel, American literary genius makes a comparatively feeble showing. Mr. Van Doren certainly makes the best of his subject matter. He deals with his five major figures—Cooper, Hawthorne, Howells, Mark Twain and Henry James—comprehensively, understandingly, dispassionately. He has been criticized for a lack of enthusiasm and warmth—but it is obvious that such qualities would have made the book exactly what it ought not to be and is not—a piece of special pleading. Mr. Van Doren's tone is throughout admirable and his attitude finely critical. Nowhere is this fact more evident than in his treatment of minor men and books. To recognize that "Melville must be ranked less with Dana than with George Borrow," that "Ben Hur recalls both Bulwer-Lytton and Victor Hugo," that Edward Eggleston was "the earliest American realist to leave behind him a settled classic, a true folk-book of its neighborhood," shows an alertness of observation and a rightness of judgment that make the book a genuine piece of scholarly criticism as well as an interesting and significant chronicle.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Selected Current Books

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Contributors

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